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NARRATIVE POEMS.

BY

I. D'ISRAELI.



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AN

ODE.

THE POET TO HIS FAVOURITE CRITIC.

CRITIC! whatever be thy school,
Of Malice, or of Ridicule ;
Or if in Metaphysics lost,
Thy loves with Fancy still are crost ;
Or whether with a ponderous head,
The heart's light verses still are read ;
Or thick with classic pedantries,
Quotation on Quotation lies ;
As beauty, prim old maids assume,
And lay on wrinkled cheeks, their bloom ;
Or if thy wanton Youth is bit
By the mad cur of barking wit ;
Or like a playful Bear will dance
Uncouthly, if some lyre enchants ;
O young or old ! each month ye fly
(Or modest, only quarterly)
Thro' England, Scotland, Ireland bear,
A Poet's blush, a Poet's tear !

There are among ye, some whose soul
The spells of Fancy can control ;

THE POET TO HIS FAVOURITE CRITIC.

And in whose eye's phœbéan ray
The Muses and the Graces play.
How fresh, how green they weave their crown!
The hand unseen, the face unknown!

But on "the mighty Mother" I
With reverence fix a wondering eye;
Her CURULE DUNCE, no matter who,
(Not to the Man, the Chair I bow,)
So grave, so gay, so sad, so sage,
I dose with him from page to page—
Ingenious Dunce! lo! LOVES like THESE,
Thine Owl, as butterflies shall seize.
Here drop thy gall! here dart thine eyes!
I write—to yield thee Victories!
O in some gay Critique long drawn
Triumph!—and make Three Kingdoms yawn!

ERRATUM.

Page 11, line 140, for *he*, READ *she*.

THE

ERRATA.

Page 11, line 140, for HE, read SHE.

..... 20, ... 261, for

In sport he tasted, and in SPORT HE died,

Read—In sport he tasted, and in TASTING, died.

Page 21, line 281, for YE, read YOU.

Insert the following couplet in page 20, after line 274, accidentally omitted:

With mimic tints, the vegetable child
Low as the Sage-plant crept along, and smiled,
O never may it, &c.

ie

yme*,

task,

5

More frequent from the Pitcher, than the Flask ;

* Alluding to the numerous Improvisatori, the Minstrels of modern Italy.

THE POET TO HIS FAVOURITE CRITIC.

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ERRATUM.

Page 11, line 140, for *he*, READ *she*.

THE
CARDER
AND
THE CARRIER.

IN amorous Florence, that propitious clime
Where Love is constant tho' he talks in rhyme*,
A Carder lived, whose filial labour spread
A frugal board, a Mother's daily bread ;
And still they drank, tho' ceaseless was the task, 5
More frequent from the Pitcher, than the Flask ;

* Alluding to the numerous Improvisatori, the Minstrels of modern Italy.

While Mirth and Innocence her hours enchant,
Toil seems no labour, Poverty no want.

To spin the flax, or card the wool her care,
Or in the loom, the shooting shuttle bear ; 10
Tho' Want the spindle in her hand would place
To graceless Arts, she gave the charm of grace ;
Love in her crystal eyes for ever dwells,
And hangs her wheel with soft romantic spells.

Pasquil, a carrier of the truant sort, 15
Would, light as air, beneath a burthen sport ;
A Loiterer once, who fancy to beguile,
Would make a labyrinth of every mile.
Now fired with zeal to push his Master's trade,
The raptured boy her faultless web surveyed. 20

That Web, to idolising eyes was spread ;
He, by the Spinner's beauty, prized the thread.

Lo, as he fills the' enchanting Carder's store,
How prompt to act, and ever at her door !
He tired the Beauty with the work he brought : 25
She nodded gratefully, and smiling wrought.
The Youth is praised for merit, scarce his own ;
Love waked to Industry the idling clown ;
Love filled his head with thought, his breast with joy,
And breathed the soul of Manhood in the Boy. 30

If o'er the flax, her tapering fingers strayed,
On the light fibres of his heart they played,
Or shooting quick the line along the frame,
The shifting shuttle would his heart inflame ;

Quick as her wheel, her eyes their radiance dart, 35
And restless as her wheel, his fluttering heart!

At first the boy to charm away the time,
Trolled to the whirring wheel his gayest rhyme ;
But when more soft pathetic songs he sought,
Each gesture paints !—a picture of each thought ! 40
She read his eyes that eloquently move ;
Unwritten letters of his secret love !
And oft she kissed the wool that Pasquil brought,
Leaning abstracted in the charm of thought,
She seemed to hear his voice's parting sound !— 45
While on the Spindle sharp the flax she wound,
Love warmed the tear that half escaped her eye ;
The Spindle trembling with her trembling sigh.

A bolder warmth the enamoured boy reveals,
While she her fear restrains, her shame conceals. 50
When on her eye his pleasing features steal,
Breathless she bends upon her silent wheel ;
Afraid the flying minute still to miss,
He breathed a whisper, or he stole a kiss.

His simple gifts the glowing boy essayed 55
And sweet the offices he duly paid.
With constant hearts that never know Caprice,
The price of pleasure—is the wish to please.
When not a breath, the hot Sirocco* fanned,
Slow turned the sleepy wheel with languid hand ; 60

* The South East Wind, which frequently blows with the most oppressive heat in Italy.

Then with the Moscadel her lips he dewed,
Or culled wild Strawberries, fragrant from the Wood.

The boy soliciting, each moment seized,
The timid maid solicited was pleased.
Yet ever when the Lovers talked or gazed, 65
The serious Mother came, with finger raised !
In vain the Matron sly, is full of care ;
The ambushed Mother on the creaking stair
The foot of age betrayed—then ere he flies,
Some silent sign the' unfinished thought supplies ; 70
Or playing with a ringlet, ere it fell
Prest to his lips, he looked a sweet farewell.

Whene'er she sought to hide by love opprest
A daughter's blushes in a Mother's breast,

A Mother's gratitude that breast would share ; 75
Ah ! could she chide the Angel, resting there ?
But Scandal's tattling lips the fiction sound,
And Virgin Honour feels the airy wound ;
From house to house lean Envy walks and lies,
And Malice peers with visionary eyes. 80

To Love, the Season fair in fruit and flower,
In vernal whispers breathes a golden hour ;
In the green arbour, or the twilight walk,
The Evening's stillness prompts the tender talk.
Lo Pasquil treading light and listening round 85
Crept to the Maid—His arm in fondness wound
Her Neck, enamouring both !—and ere they spoke,
A murmuring kiss the' entrancing silence broke ;
O music of the heart ! O tenderest tone !
It told the Solitude was all their own. 90

His youthly cheek while Hope's quick currents flush,
He speaks the Maiden's wish to spare her blush.

As yet our loves no dearer language know,
Than chance-endearaments and a secret vow.
Delicious moments, would but moments last ! 95
But while we speak, they perish, and have past !
Minutes are drops of 'Time—Love's feverish rage
Drinks days and months, and thirsts, and asks an age !
Ah, not like Pasquil loved Valclusa's Bard,
Whose thousand sonnets win no light regard ; 100
Can Love a curious chain of Rhymes delight ?
Can Love, impatient Love, a volume write ?
For Fame, he shed the feathers of his youth ;
Sonnets are fancies still—a sigh is Truth !
Meet me, my love, in Julio's garden meet, 105
Beside the Fountain, Love's ambrosial seat !

Hallow the hour, on Sunday that succeeds,
When we have sung our Mass, and told our beads ;
Take Peres, she loves gentle Sganareel—
They long to meet—so Friend shall Friend conceal ! 110

Smiling in maiden loveliness she bowed ;
The day, the garden, and the lover glowed ;
The soft confusion like a vision stole,
A moving picture in her thoughtful soul.

True to the hour Simonia, Peres joined, 115
Nor Sganareel with Pasquil were behind.
Their flashing eyes unspeaking rapture wakes ;
Quick into Pairs the amorous party breaks.

The Maid and Boy, the green recess embowers,
And waves its wanton wreathes, and drops its flowers ; 120

A tremulous light the netted Trellis throws,
There Beauty still more beautifully glows.
The Fountain shot its spray, and sparkling bright,
Fell a crystalline shower of coloured light,
Rolling like glass, the crisped waters round, 125
They chime o'er many a shell the' enchanting sound.
The magic spot a faultless statue graced,
Yet seemed not faultless, by the Maiden placed ;
So told the courtly Clown—she blushed and mused,
And with averted face the bower refused. 130

Too beauteous spot ! with many a grace tho' strewed,
Yet wants there one, a modest solitude.
Be thine a thousand ears, a thousand eyes !
Be thine cold smiles and ardent flatteries !
Be thine that multitude the Lover dreads ! 135
He talks in whispers and in stealth he treads ;

And only claims to aid his timid vows,
The silent twilight of the curtained boughs.

Hid in the flowering glade a rustic seat
Peeps out, he hails it with an accent sweet ; 140
While he preceding, with one hand outspread ;
One broke the briery path, and one the Beauty led.

See Pasquil, with a thousand fancies wild,
(For Love in leisure is a playful child)
Build with the boughs and group the foliage green, 145
As Fancy calls each visionary scene.
From thought to thought their careless prattle stole,
Light were those thoughts, for pleasant was their soul.
Ah! slight events and random thoughts can move
A thousand tender sympathies in Love ; 150

And trifles interest, when souls refined,
Would stamp an image of each other's Mind.

With more than words the love-narrator draws,
But lost his tale in each voluptuous pause ;
On a light ringlet hung that wandering tale, 155
And in a kiss long-drawn, would Memory fail.

With laughter gay her rosy lips uncloset
Two lines of polished pearls in even rows ;
He, while his sparkling eyes wild fancy warms,
Asks, what fine Art that ivory beauty forms ? 160

She said (while modesty her cheek suffused)
For simple charms may simple arts be used ;
Cares for her teeth a Maiden's thoughts engage ;
Each Morn I press them with a leaf of sage.

Beside the laughing boy, a Sage-plant grew, 165
That in luxuriant growth its foliage threw ;
He tried the verdant leaf with art to strain,
The verdant leaf but yields a darker stain.
She caught the leaves, and with a gesture bland
Played o'er his teeth her soft and sportive hand. 170

My love (he cries) suspend this idle care,
'Tis not for Man such polished gems to bear ;
For finer pearls a woman's mouth will wreath,
As deeper roses on her lips will breathe.

Low bends the mirthless boy—the Maid is gay 175
And counts the pleasures of a distant day,
When in these fresher shades and garden bowers
Love might indulge in sport its secret hours—

Here Sganareel with Peres too should blend,
Each placed between their Lover and their Friend; 180
Planned the refection, dressed the rural treat,
And placed the Absent in their future seat.

But ah! on playful themes what means that sigh?
That cheek all blanched? that lid that seals the eye?—
“Awake my soul! why sleeps my jocund boy? 185
Ah! mock me not, nor lose thine hour of joy!—
'Terrific stillness! Move, or look, or speak!
Ah, with one word this world of silence break.”

Hark, from his quivering lips a parting groan!
She leans, his figure seems to sleep in stone! 190
Cold on her neck his marble arm is hung,
Cold to her breast his marble face is clung;

She pored, the momentary life to trace—

'Twas but a faint convulsion o'er the face!

In speechless tenderness her arms are spread, 195

And Horror makes the living like the dead.

Ah, me! in Pleasure's warm delicious scene,

When Man but sports, comes hideous Death between!

So near a Glacier oft, his race of glee,

All light with life, attempts some wandering Bee; 200

Deep in the Juniper's sweet shrubs to rest,

Darts his sharp trunk, and loads his little breast;

Now glittering in the Sun he winds along,

The child of Heat, of Sweetness, and of Song!

When lo! the rushing storm, the snow-wind's tide, 205

Sweeps the poor Vagrant up the Glacier's side,

To instant death the Summer's inmate brings,
And fixed in frost he spreads his gelid wings*.

Voiceless she stood, but as she tried to speak,
Wild through the Garden rang the Maiden's shriek; 210
That piercing cry to the strange horror drew
A mingling crowd, announcing what they view!
Starting they mark beneath the thicket's shade
The breathless Lover and the ghastly Maid;
She rapt in silence wildly pointed o'er 215
Her Lover there, a Lover now no more!

* The Bees flying about the neighbouring rocks, to regale upon the flowers of Genepi, are frequently surprised by storms, which hurrying them up the Glacier, they must perish almost instantly. We found in an almost inaccessible solitude a number of dead bees, but no other animals.—*Bourrit's Journey to the Glaciers of Savoy.*

Then thus the' Italian youth—assasin Maid !
Hast thou, this night of leaves——unnatural shade
Of this fair garden and the year's soft prime !—
Sought, and the place well fitted to the crime ? 220

So the rash boy—the crowd all curious hung,
And the tale closed, the accusation rung.
Yet as they gazed they wanted still belief,
Their eyes absolved the criminal in grief ;
She had not warmth to melt the frozen tear, 225
Or change the rigid cheek all cold with fear.

They to the Judge the fainting Beauty lead ;
Then Pity bent while Nature rose to plead.
Lowly she bowed her head, and still she prest
With folded arms her palpitating breast ; 230

Tears on her cheek in lonely beauty die,
And half in silence lost, her hopeless sigh ;
Thro' each fine nerve the tenderest tremors dart ;
To Heaven, not Man, she gives her secret heart.

Her silence touched, and sweetly-awful bound 235
In silence, all the mixt assembly round,
And now they hasten with the suffering maid,
Where lies the youth beneath the fateful shade ;
But as they mark the bloated corse they cry
For Vengeance, and condemn the maid to die. 240

Amid the barbarous shout she lifts her face,
Which Innocence keeps beautiful in grace ;
Pallid in woe, to Heaven she turns her eye,
While in their lids the' unfalling waters dry ;

She plucks the plant with an unaltered cheek, 245
And to the populace she bends to speak.

Too well we loved in separate life to grieve,
Or live a day when Love has ceased to live.
Born in Desire and nursed by chaste Delight,
Our infant Love the stranger eye would fright; 250
The child of Solitude and Fear would fly,
Nor to the world would trust it's infancy.
Think not, ye Rich ! in Poverty's rude sphere
We feel no rapture from a heart that's dear ;
Think not, ye Delicate ! we take no part 255
In all the tender magic of the Heart.
Such happiness not Envy could forgive ;
Nor in one house, can Love and Prudence live.
Hid in this copse we blest the gloom above,
And gave the hour to Privacy and Love. 260

Here Pasquil sate the fateful plant beside,
In sport he tasted and in sport he died !

Bowing her head, the plant of poisonous breath
She sucked, and blest the vegetable death.
Quick thro' her veins the flying poisons dart, 265
And one cold tremor chills her beating heart.
She kneels, and winds her arms round Pasquil's breast,
There, as 'twere life to touch, she creeps to rest ;
On him once more her opening eyes she raised,
The light died on them as she fondly gazed ; 270
With quick short breath, catching at life, she tried
To kiss his lips, and as she kissed, she died.

O did the Muse but know the learned name
To blast that fair-deceiving Plant to Fame !

O never may it drink the golden light 275
With laughing tints—the Garden's Hypocrite!
Ye colder Botanists the Plant describe,
Gaze on the Spectre-form* and class the tribe!
But ye sweet-souled, whose pensive bosoms glow
With the soft images of amorous woe, 280
From ye the Muse one tender tear would claim;
One shudder, at THE PLANT WITHOUT A NAME!

Loved of the Muse, thou self-devoted Maid!
(A Verse is music to a Lover's shade)
For thee she bids a silver lily wave, 285
Planting the emblem on a Virgin's grave;
On Love's immortal scroll with tenderest claim,
Inscribes a *CARDER'S* with a *CARRIER'S* name!

* In an *HORTUS SICCUS*—that sepulchre of departed flowers.

COMINGE.

'TWAS where LA TRAPPE had raised its savage seat,
Of Grief and Piety the last retreat ;
And dark the Rocks, and dark the Forest lay,
And shrill the wind blew o'er the Abbey grey,
House of Remorse, of Penitence and Care, 5
Its inmate Grief, its architect Despair !*

* The Founder, or rather Reformer, of the severe Order of the Monks of La Trappe, was the Abbé Rancé, whose romantic adventure with his mistress is so well known. As the last effort of despair he planned this institution ; among the frightful austerities there practised, were those of perpetual silence, midnight prayers, manual labours, and digging their own graves. The story of Cominge may be found in a little novel, by Madame Tencin.

The Shepherd from the stony pasture flies,
No Music warbles in those silent skies ;
Where in the Wilderness the Cypress waves,
The pale-eyed Votaries hover round their graves ; 10
Silence and Solitude perpetual reign
Around this hermit-family of Pain !

Mark the dread Portal!—who without a tear
Forgets the murmuring earth to enter HERE ?
As the deep Solitude more sternly grows, 15
With social tenderness the Pilgrim glows ;
And while he reads the awful lines above,
Turns to his native vale and native love.

“ LO DEATH, the pale instructor ! guards this Porch,
And TRUTH celestial waves her mighty torch ! 20

Far from the World's deceiving path we fly
 To find a passage to ETERNITY!"*

All are not Sinners here! these walls detain
 Much injured loves,—the Men of softer vein!
 Hope to their breast in fond delirium springs—
 The Laugher, while she charmed, concealed her wings; 25
 And from her lap the copious seeds she threw,
 Which never, to the eye of promise grew.

Here bade COMINGE the world for ever close;
 Soothing his spirit with the dread Repose, 30

* The following Inscription was placed on the gate of the Abbey:

C'est ici que la mort et la vérité,
 Elevent leur flambeaux terrible,
 C'est de cette demeure au monde inaccessible
 Que l'on passe à l'Eternité.

He called it Peace!—while in the midnight prayer,

The bed of ashes and the cloth of hair

Vainly his soul Oblivion's charm would prove!

Alas! there's no oblivion in his love!

Around the altar's shade the Exile trod;

35

The soul that lost its Mistress sought its God!

Hark! to that solemn sound!—the passing bell

Tolls, the still Friery catch the awful knell;

Loud as it bursts the message from the skies,

Why drops the human tear from holiest eyes?

40

The dying Father bends! they start!—they trace

A fine proportion and a slender grace;

Touched by the magic circle of his eye

The heart that slept for years, now wakes to sigh;

O sacred form of Beauty ! sacred here ! 45

Prevailing softness e'en in souls austere !

As falls his cowl the lengthening tresses rest,
Twine a white neck, and veil a rising breast,
And lo ! as the fair-handed Father kneels,
Pale on the eye a Woman-hermit steals ! 50

All gaze with wonder, but COMINGE with dread—
She dies, whom long his hopeless heart thought dead !

Fathers ! (she cries) my sex profanes your gown !
I made your silence, not your griefs, my own.
I loved COMINGE—my Parents frowned—and Power 55
Long chained my Lover in the tyrant's Tower.
Ah, could I live, and think COMINGE for me
Was worn by chains, and lost in Misery ?

Those Parents doomed me to a loveless mind ;
Not to their daughter but a stranger kind. 60

Ruthless Ambition ! immolating Sires
With victim-children crowd thy Moloch fires.
The early Rose by hands ungentle cast,
Feels o'er its youth of sweets the wasting blast ;
Such woe, the ransom of my Lover paid, 65
And something more than Constancy displayed.

To me COMINGE ON Love's swift pinions flew,
No other use of Liberty he knew——
“ Be free in all but Love ! ”—and here I sighed.
“ Can there be freedom without Love ? ” he cried. 70
“ Was it for this I woke, O vision blest !
Romantic fondness in a woman's breast,
And thought my painted Heaven was true !—to sigh
My ruined feelings in thine altered eye.

A Woman's magic will but last its hour, 75
Her heart a wandering wave, her face a short-lived flower!"

How bitter in my soul his words I found!
He gave my wounded breast another wound.
He knew it not!—the fond recital spare!—
Tormenting Memory cease!—my tears declare 80
More than my words our Fate—silent he stood,
Looking at once Reproach and Gratitude!

In vain we part—the peril still was near!
The madness of sweet words had charmed the ear;
And while the last farewell was told so sweet, 85
'Twas but an invitation still to meet.
But Sympathy, that softer kind of Love,
Would rack the breast it hardly seemed to move.—

Was this a crime? ah, piteous Fathers! mourn
From Love's soft witcheries the Virgin torn, 90
Still let me plead ye hallowed sons of Time!
The daughter's error was the Father's crime.

My Lord within an Arbour's green retreat
My unblessed Lover weeping at my feet
Beheld—to me the fervent steel he flung; 95
COMINGE, a living shield around me clung,
Warm on my breast I felt his welling blood!
My lover fell—the coward victor stood!

No transient vengeance fills so base a mind,
His was no stream that trembles with the wind; 100
But dark and wild, his soul the Furies form,
His soul was like a sea, blown by a storm.

Now frowned the dungeon's vault—there sunk so drear
 Cold on my grate I poured the fruitless tear ;
 Each day more sharply felt the iron bound 105
 Inexorable, close the world around.

The Sun, my sole companion ! and he cheers
 With Morning light,—the Evening sets in tears.
 There the fresh breeze would melancholy swell
 To pale-eyed Beauty fading in a cell. 110

The vermeil cheek, the golden tress decay,
 And Love's delicious hour in Youth's brief day,
 That drops such sweets and flies so swift away !

Yet could the Cell the liberal soul detain ?
 It knows no Solitude, it feels no chain ; 115
 There its sweet habitudes like Nature bless,
 And what it doats on, it will still possess.

My Lover's image in my slumbers stole ;
There Love and Fancy, Painters of the soul !
In no weak tints their airy pencils steep, 120
Holding their pictures to the pillowed Sleep.

Again I live to Hope, to Love again,
The hour my tyrant died, unbound my chain.
'Twas for COMINGE my pensive soul was gay,
And sprung exulting to the life of day. 125

With Love's inventive mind COMINGE I trace,
And Hope still changes with each changing place,
Oft tracked yet never found—in stern despair
No more the softness of my sex I share ;
A restless Exile in my native home, 130
Love waved the torch of Hope, and bade me roam.

The verdant groves within whose shades I grew,
 The cherished Mates my gayer childhood knew,
 All that a Woman loves—from these I flew.

}

A novel Sex I take—the ruder air

135

Yet ill conceals the Woman's heart I bear.

No guide save Love, thro' pathless ways for me,

Earth was my Couch, my Canopy a Tree !

For still the mountain Girl, the Peasant rude,

The curious Hamlet's cautious neighbourhood,

140

Frowned on the Vagrant loitering at their door ;

Still are the Poor suspicious of the Poor.

Oft by some River's brink, with wistful eyes

Leaning I viewed the soft inverted skies ;

How oft, my Spirit darkened by despair,

145

I breathed a sigh to find a passage there !

Yet then with sweet enchantment to my Mind
On Earth's green bed some curious plant inclined ;
Some tender bird the woodland song would troll,
And leave the melting music in my soul ; 150
Gazing on lovely Nature while I grieve,
I think on Nature's Author—fear and live !

I hail the desert which Religion chose,
Severe, to build the Wanderer's last sad House ;
Grown weary of the World's unpiteous eye, 155
Wailing for him who never heard the sigh,
Fresh tears stood in my eyes, and sweetly stole,
Melting the fears that shake a Woman's soul.

The air was still, the sleepy light was grey,
When faint and sad I crossed my hands to pray ; 160

The Evening star illumed her bashful beam ;
The holy Abbey in the twilight gleam,
Breathed a celestial calm—How rapturous stole
The Oraison from my delighted soul !
'Twas Inspiration all, ecstatic prayer ! 165
I bend, and lo ! a Vision fills the air !
Heaven opens here, and here its Seraphs dwell !—
I hear your Vesper's sweet responses swell !
Amid the choral symphonics ye sung,
I hear the warblings of my Lover's tongue ! 170

'Twas like a dream when Madness shakes the brain ;
The trembling pleasure fills my soul with pain.

At length 'twas silence—your lone gate I found,
Strike the small bell, and tremble with the sound ;

That sound so dear to many a pilgrim nigh, 175
 Who seeks the Desert's hospitality.
 There without breath to form a sigh, I wait,
 While my heart bounded to the turning Gate ;
 And lo ! with downcast eyes a Father meek !
 Scarce mounts the life-blood to his ashy cheek— 180
 Ah, 'twas COMINGE !—the' imperfect face inclined
 Marked by the traces of a ruined Mind.

'Twas then I vowed, the impious deed forgive,
 A Woman vowed beneath your roof to live ;
 From Silence, and from Solitude, I sought 185
 Stillness of soul, and loneliness of thought.
 But gives the holy spot a holy mind ?
 A Saint is oft a Criminal confined.
 The lifted torch that gilds the pomp of Night,
 The anthem swelling in the gorgeous rite ; 190

Think ye such forms can wing the Sinner's soul,
When Passion burns beneath the saintly stole?

These frightful shades some transient pleasures move ;
How sweet to watch the motions of my love !
O'er his still griefs in secrecy to melt, 195
And kneel on the same cushion where he knelt ;
Musing on him, to sit beneath the Tree,
Where a few minutes past, he mused on me !

With manual toil my slender frame is worn,
The Faggot gathered and the Water borne. 200
Faint where the gushing Rock its current spread,
The ponderous waters trembled on my head ;
Or toiling breathless in the winding wood,
Moaning beside the forming pile I stood ;

Silent he viewed me with a pitying smile, 205
Bore half my Vase, and bound with his, my pile.

Oft hovering near him has my fluttering heart
Bade me my life's unfinished tale impart ;
Once lost in frenzy at the solemn hour
Ye dig your channels to Death's silent shore, 210
And more than human in the' unnatural glooms
With Hope and Fear ye sit beside your tombs,
I marked his eager hand sublimely mould
The house sepulchral which himself must hold ;
I hear the sullen spade with iron sound, 215
Wild on his grave I shriek and wail around !
The' eternal silence broke !—he censures mild
A holy man with worldly sorrow wild—

Hast thou not known (I cried) some human woe
That lives beyond the tears it caused to flow?— 220
Deep was the groan the fond enquiry moved ;
Deep was the groan that told how still he loved !
He flies me, but to the recalling tone
He turns ! he hears a voice so loved, so known !
But ah, the' uncertain voice but fancy deems, 225
Starting like one half-wakeful in his dreams.

Who with Religion's pale atonements pleads,
Leans on a thorn, and tho' supported bleeds ;
She, the stern Mother of each stubborn child,
Scares its desponding eyes with terrors wild ; 230
Yet a soft balm her seraph-hand can pour
On hearts that pant not, and can love no more ;

Me all ungracious, Prayer nor Penance moved,

My heart rebellious grasped the crime it loved.

What tho' I dropt a tear before the Shrine?— 235

Thine was the Image and the tear was *thine*!

Ah, let thy voice but speak, thy hand but wave!

Approach! and hide the horror of the Grave!

COMINGE! how chill my blood! how dark my eye!

Ah, soon perhaps—farewel COMINGE!—I die! 240

She dies to all, but to COMINGE!—he prest

Once more his Mistress to his hermit breast;

Love's sweet vibration woke his trembling soul;

Tears dropt his stony eyes, and murmurs stole

From his mute tongue—ah, poor Distraction's child! 245

He holds with her who was, a converse wild;

Distraction's child ! still doat upon thy shade !
Still grasp a corse thou deemest thy living Maid.
O could thy soul this little moment keep,
Gaze on cold eyes, and kiss the' unkissing lip ! 250
But all has past !—Despair, and Thought, and Pain
Rend the fine texture of the working brain.
Few hours shall part ye, and one Tomb receive,
While Hermit-Lovers there, assembling grieve !

A TALE.

ADDRESSED TO A SYBARITE*.

THERE lived in Sybaris a blooming boy,
A minister of Love, a child of Joy,
By name ANASILLIS—so much above
His Peers in charms, the Women called him Love.
This bird, on fluttering wing, refused the cage, 5
Nor lost a feather in his sprightly age ;

* Sybaris, an ancient town, whose inhabitants were so effeminate that the term *Sybarite* became proverbial, to intimate a man devoted to pleasure. Montesquieu has finely described the voluptuous manners of the Sybarites, in the Fourth Canto of his *Temple de Guide*.

From the foiled nets of Beauty flew secure,
No touch could lime him, and no glance could lure.
Nor open war, nor ambuscade alarms,
Tho' Beauties leagued to praise each Rival's charms ; 10
For well they knew if once his pride could fall,
The slave of one, would be the slave of all.

Careless of praise an easy praise he stole,
And shewed in Sybaris a manly soul ;
For here the youth so feminine were grown, 15
One Sex appeared to fill the wanton Town.
The grace, which Modesty o'er Beauty throws
When the heart bounding, tints a breast of snows,
Charms not in her whose glowing limbs are bare,
As if her drapery was woven air ; 20
Whose serpent tresses o'er the forehead die,
Or wind voluptuously a flaming eye.

Sweet Nature, absent in their pomp of Art,
Too easily they win the easy heart ;
Unknown the timid wish, the fond delay ; 25
And Pleasure there, could only last a Day !

The Boy, no Nymph of Sybaris could touch ;
In Love they nothing give, who give too much.
Nor blame ANASILLIS, he grieved to find
The private Beauty with a public mind ; 30
And justly deemed those graces not his own,
To stranger eyes solicitously shown.

Deep in a solitude with jealous care
A hoary Lover hid a child-like Fair,
And from the crime the just chastisement sprung ; 35
Himself grew older as the Maid grew young.

The sex as yet unknown, the love unfelt ;
Nor on a painted Man, her eye had dwelt ;
For age quick-sighted still complained with truth,
That Artists only shower their grace on youth. 40

There the old Man to old MYSEIDA's care
Confides AGLAIA (so they named the Fair) ;
To young ANASILLIS her cares extend,
His Nurse in childhood and in youth his Friend.
She shewed the Innocence, he saw and loved ; 45
To his own bowers the lonely Rose removed.
Unseen he saw, and to MYSEIDA spoke,
While the soft tumult of his passion broke.

To live for ever in a Woman's thought,
Be tremblingly beloved and with fresh worship sought, 50

'Tis this I ask!—the Love, a day who gives,
Not in the family of Pleasure lives ;
That vagrant boy let meaner souls elate ;
Desire was not his Nurse, nor Hope his Mate.

Imagination ! beauty of the soul, 55

Thy charms mysteriously the sex controul ;

With thy celestial grace, a Spirit blest

Opes an Elysium in a Woman's breast ;

Moves like a God to her enamoured eye,

And makes perpetual her delicious sigh. 60

MYSEIDA then—what means the raving boy ?

And is it thus I trained thee to the joy ?

Taught thee our female arts, and bade thee prove

That not the Lover but the Sex we love !

Then he—O Soul, as sultry as thy clime ! 65
That virgin snow is yet unbroke by Time.
The Dawn that sheds its tender light so mild,
Shines with the softness of that timid child.
By skilled Praxiteles my Statue traced
With Love's own form and attributes is graced. 70
The featured magic to her bower remove ;
There gazing, her enquiries shall be Love !
Oft there AGLAIA's timid steps controul ;
With new vibrations touch her answering soul ;
Teach her the hymn of Love, if once she feels 75
The God, my form the living God reveals.

He said, MYSEIDA duteous to his power,
Placed the fine Sculpture in the Virgin's bower.

AGLAIA came; ANASILLIS descries
 Hid in the verdant shade, each motion rise ; 80
 Marked young Reflection in her wondering eye ;
 Heard the sweet tones of Nature's melody !
 She trod with lightest steps the God beside ;
 She gazed, she touched, she trembled, and she sighed !
 Then cries, what Genius gives this thrill intense, 85
 Charming my senses with a novel sense ?

Then thus MYSEIDA to the' adoring maid :
 'Tis LOVE ! by soft-souled Sybarites obeyed.
 Jove hung this Orb in air—Love's shining eyes
 Mantled the Earth with flowers, and broke with light the
 Skies. 90
 This is the God who strikes thro' every zone !
 Where Life can breathe that Life is all his own !

Loud with the God the darting Tygress raves,
And leaves her children in the' unguarded Caves ;
The softening Power the timid Pigeon seeks, 95
And from a Mother's nestling fondness breaks ;
Love gives a soul to Plants, they bend to meet,
Their green blood dances and their pulses beat.
All Earth, all Heaven the child of Pleasure blest,
But chief he reigns in Man's imperial breast. 100

There oft AGLAIA breathed the warbled prayer,
And sweetly wild she wailed in soft despair.
Each day some novel charm the Statue brought,
Her sight one object and her soul one thought.
When rose the Sun AGLAIA duteous rose 105
With morning flowers to grace the Statue's brows ;
All day entranced she sits ; her "sweetliest" care
To look and sigh—and Evening met her there.

And oft she talked, she vowed, complained, carest,
Sighed on its face and leant upon its breast. 110

Meanwhile Protraction charms the' enamoured boy ;
To raise enjoyment lingers to enjoy.
Patient in Pleasure forged the' enduring chain ;
Who wins too easy wins to lose again.
He takes the statue from the Maiden's bower, 115
To try if absence breaks its magic power ;
Since female vows in absence will decay ;
Slaves in an hour are constant for a day.

But not *AGLAIA* thus—her heart sincere
By Love created claimed the' eternal year. 120
She comes—'tis gone !—what dear enchantment stole
In the soft moanings of her love-worn soul.

From her cold fingers fell each dewy flower ;
She shuddered, in the solitary bower.
Her fond regrets, her beauty veiled in tears 125
Now touched ANASILLIS—the Youth appears
With Morn's first beam ; like Love the Youth is drest ;
Stretched in the bower he seems by sleep opprest.
She comes—she starts ! she gazes, trembles near—
'Tis Love ! (she hardly breathes) the God is here ! 130
Stept from his pedestal, a breathing form !
Marble so loved relents, and like myself is warm.
Ah, not in vain the' ideal form I loved,
Not vain the silent tears, a picture moved !——
Stilly she trod and all unbreathing gazed, 135
Then tremulously kissed the hand she raised.
'The Virgin Kiss, imparts the finest flame,
'The sweet sensation trembling thro' her frame ;

Nor quits the hand, but half delirious takes
 To press it to her heart—and Love awakes ! 140

She kneels—Can anger in that softness dwell?
 Once having seen thee must I bid farewell?
 Is Love a crime? then half the guilt be thine,
 Blame thy seducing powers, thine eyes divine!
 'Think ere thou shakest me from thy gentle arm 145
 How small the triumph o'er a virgin form!

ANASILLIS in fond entrancement hears,
 Bends o'er the Nymph and kissed away her fears.
 Then thus—An innocent deceit forgive;
 Smile on thy picture and the form shall live. 150

She then, “Unskilled how features are abroad,”
 First of thy Race, to me thou art a God!

